

a wall of something else
no stone
 tho there is stone
in the village
built on that
stones packed everywhere
pressed
into the sides of crooked hills
green with fern and

edible weed
 a moss a wall of
elsewhere substance
stands
cuts off
the world of this village
from the world
we know
coming to it as we do

from bombs balanced
tipped
huge plastic clocks
 conceived disasters
here one wall we do not see and
dozens
wet with thick mist
lifting
high wide eaves strong houses
up one hill
down another

one wall we do not see
a place of walls we do

:both crumbling.

Look Over Jordan

-- for sergio

expecting
the man at the door to equal
the door
when he rings we jump
foam rubber, his question clings
to where our answer
makes itself